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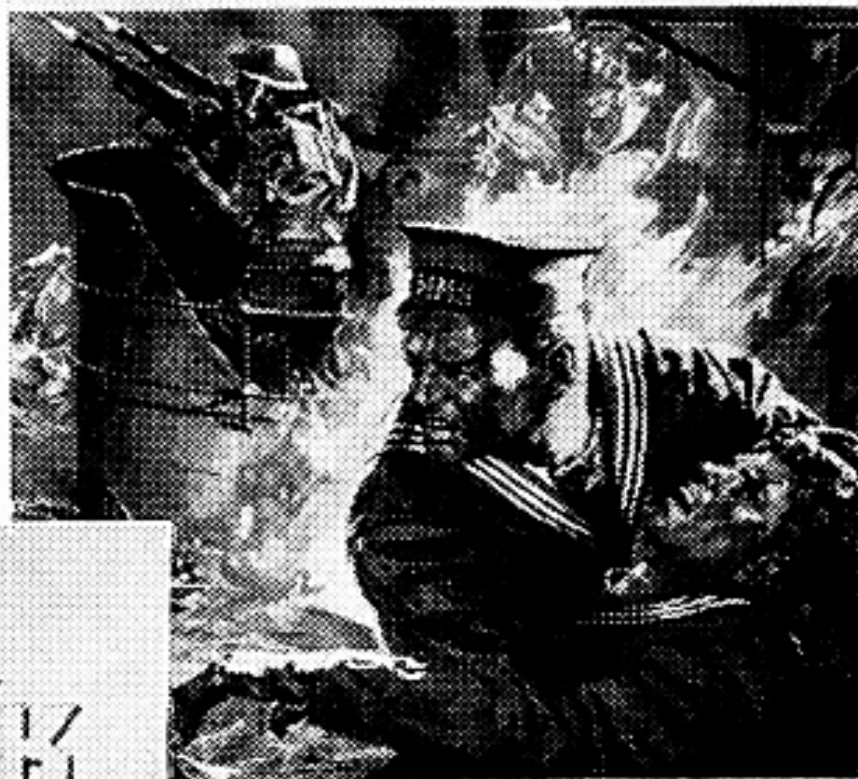
TIES OF BLOOD



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THE NAVY WAY



RAM—and WRECK



No. 13 THE NAVY WAY

There was salt water in the veins of the men who manned the transports and escorts on that hell-run to the besieged island of Malta.

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A gallant old destroyer snatched from the scrapheap and a hand-picked crew of volunteers—on a suicide mission to glory.

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TIES OF BLOOD

THE COMMANDO ATTACK ON HITLER'S HEAVY WATER PLANT IN NORWAY MARKED THE END OF A NAZI ATTEMPT TO WIN THE WAR IN ONE DECISIVE BLOW... THE CREATION OF THE FIRST ATOMIC BOMB! BUT, FOR ONE MAN, THAT EPIC RAID WAS SOMETHING MORE - THE WIPING OUT OF AN AGE-OLD BRAND OF DISHONOUR.



Chapter 1. *Legend of Blood*

THE DUNCAIDS WERE AN OLD AND HONoured CLAN, EVEN BEFORE THE FIRST VIKING RAIDERS DESCENDED ON THE OUTER SCOTTISH ISLANDS, CARRYING TORCH AND SWORD AGAINST THEM IN SAVAGE AND BRUTAL BATTLES...



IT WAS ON SUCH A NIGHT OF BATTLE THAT HAMISH DUNCAID, LEADER OF THE CLAN, WATCHED HIS KINSMEN FALL BACK FROM THE OVERWHELMING FORCE THAT SURGED ASHORE FROM THE WAR GALLEYS.

THE ENEMY PRESSES IN STRENGTH, HAMISH. WE MUST HAVE REINFORCEMENTS!

AYE, IT IS SO, ANDREW. YOUNG GRAIC MUST SUMMON THE CLANSMEN WHO WAIT ON THE MAINLAND. SEND HIM NOW!



YOUNG GRAIC DUNCAID WAS THE FASTEST RUNNER IN HIS CLAN. QUICKLY, HE SET OUT TO BRING HELP TO THE STUBBORNLY FIGHTING DUNCAIDS.



I WOULD SOONER HAVE DIED FIGHTING WITH THE REST, BUT IF OUR KINSFOLK ARE NOT RALLIED, THE VIKINGS WILL TAKE THE MAINLAND BY STORM.

AS GRAIC BEGAN TO ROW ONE OF THE SMALL FISHING BOATS ACROSS THE NARROW STRIP OF WATER TO THE MAINLAND, COLD EYES WATCHED HIM INTENTLY FROM THE OPPOSITE SHORE.



OUR VIKING FRIENDS ATTACK IN FORCE. AND HERE IS YOUNG GRAIC COME TO RALLY THE MAINLAND CLANSMEN.

WHICH IS MORE IMPORTANT, MAIGAL DUNCAID... THE GOLD OF THE VIKING KING, OR THE LIFE OF YOUR YOUNG COUSIN?

MAIGAL DUNCAID'S EYES SHONE WITH JEALOUSY, AND THE GREED OF A TRAITOR WHO ALREADY FELT VIKING GOLD IN HIS PALM.



THE YOUNG WEAKLING HAS ALWAYS ESTEEMED HIMSELF SUPERIOR TO ME. SOON HE WOULD HAVE INHERITED THE DUNCAID LAND, AND I SHOULD HAVE RECEIVED NOTHING!

THEN WE FULFIL OUR PROMISE TO THE VIKING, GODFRED, AND ASSIST HIS ATTACK AGAINST THE MAINLAND, MAIGAL.

WITH HATE IN HIS HEART, MAIGAL WATCHED HIS COUSIN DRAW IN TO THE SHORE.



ONCE THIS IS OVER, I SHALL SAIL FOR NORWAY. NO-ONE SHALL KNOW WHO DESTROYED THE DUNCAIDS THIS NIGHT. KILL THE LAD!

AS YOU COMMAND, MAIGAL! IT WILL BE AS EASY AS SPLITTING A SAPLING!

AS SOON AS GRAIC REACHED THE BEACH, THE TWO HENCHMEN SPRANG AT HIM.



AS MAIGAL EXPECTED, THE VIKING HORDE SWEEP ON TO THE MAINLAND CARRYING ALL BEFORE THEM AS THE DISORDERED CLANSMEN TRIED TO RALLY.



SO THE GREED AND JEALOUSY OF MAIGAL DUNCAID BROUGHT DEATH AND DISHONOUR TO HIS CLAN.

THE DUNCAIDS WERE ENTRUSTED WITH THE DEFENCE OF THE OUTER ISLANDS... AND THEY LET THE VIKINGS PASS!

COWARDS! THEY FLED WITHOUT GIVING WARNING. NEVER IN THE HIGHLANDS HAS THERE BEEN SUCH SHAME!

TO COLLECT HIS REWARD FROM THE VIKING KING GODFRED, MAIGAL DUNCAID SLUNK AWAY FROM THE LAND OF HIS FOREFATHERS - JUST IN TIME TO AVOID THE WRATH OF HIS CLANSMEN, FOR HIS GUILTY SECRET WAS ABOUT TO BE DISCOVERED BY THEM...

A GOOD WIND, AND THE TIDE IN OUR FAVOUR, MAIGAL, WE SHALL SOON REACH THE NORWAY COAST.

LET US MAKE ALL SPEED.

IN THE BARBARIAN SPLENDOR OF HIS COURT, GODFRED, THE WARRIOR KING, WAS INFORMED OF MAIGAL'S APPROACH.



THE SCOT, MAIGAL DUNCAID, AND TWO OF HIS MEN HAVE LANDED, SIRE. THEY WAIT YOUR PLEASURE.

THAT GRASPING SCOT! SO HE WANTS GOLD FOR HIS MISERABLE HELP TO OUR VIKINGS, EH?

TREMBLING WITH GREED, MAIGAL WAS BROUGHT BEFORE GODFRED.

MISERABLE DOG! I HAVE NO FURTHER USE FOR A TRAITOR - AND ONE WHO WOULD KILL HIS OWN FAMILY FOR GOLD. TAKE HIM AWAY, GUARDS!

BUT - BUT THIS IS TREACHERY!



A FAVOURITE PASTIME OF KING GODFRED'S COURT WAS TO HUNT PRISONERS DOWN WITH DOGS. SUCH WAS THE FATE OF MAIGAL AND HIS HENCHMEN...

FINE SPORT TODAY. NOW LET US HUNT DOWN THE OTHER TWO.

SAVE ME...
AAAGH!

ONLY MAIGAL SURVIVED THAT TERRIBLE MAN-HUNT.

... TO HAVE PLAYED THE TRAITOR - AND KILLED MY CLANSMEN... FOR THIS?

THE RULES OF THE CHASE ORDAINED THAT ANYONE WHO ESCAPED THE HOUNDS HAD EARNED HIS RIGHT TO IMPRISONMENT FOR LIFE. THE DOGS WERE LEASHED AS MAIGAL LAY EXHAUSTED ON THE GROUND...



THE SAGA OF MAIGAL DUNCAID ENDED ON THAT DAY, AS THE GREY NORTHERN MISTS CREPT THROUGH THE BARS OF HIS COLD CELL... A BITTER RETRIBUTION FOR VILLAINY.



IN THE HIGHLANDS, THE VIKING HORDE HAD FINALLY BEEN VANQUISHED, AND THE ELDERS OF THE VARIOUS CLANS, UNAWARE OF THE INNOCENCE OF ALL BUT ONE OF THE DUNCAIDS, PASSED A HARSH JUDGMENT...

...AND SO FOR FORSAKING THEIR POSITION OF TRUST IN DEFENCE OF THE OUTER ISLANDS, WE EXPEL THE CLAN DUNCAID FROM OUR HIGHLANDS!

WE TRIED TO RALLY THE MAINLAND. OUR RUNNER WAS MURDERED!



BUT THE VOICE OF THE DUNCAIDS WAS SILENCED IN CONTEMPTUOUS WRATH.

WE LISTEN TO NO EXCUSES FOR YOUR OWN MISERABLE COWARDICE! GO - AND DO NOT RETURN... FOR ALL TIME!



THE CENTURIES ROLLED BY, AND THE DUNCAIDS SCATTERED. THEY WERE AMONG THE PIONEERS WHO SAILED TO FIND A BETTER LIFE IN THE NEW WORLD OF THE AMERICAS...

THIS IS THE END OF THE OLD WORLD, AND THE BEGINNING OF A NEW, ANDREW DUNCAID!

MAY ALL OUR CLAN FIND PEACE HERE, AND MAY THE NAME OF DUNCAID LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO REGAIN ITS HONOUR ONCE MORE!



IT WAS IN THE HURLY-BURLY OF THE MODERN CITY OF TORONTO IN CANADA THAT IAN DUNCAID GREW UP, A DESCENDANT OF THOSE ILL-FATED CLANSMEN.

HEY THERE, DUNCAID - FINISHED THOSE FREIGHT BILLS YET? THIS IS OUR BUSY DAY.

STOW IT, BUTCH! PHEW - WHY EVER DID I PICK A JOB LIKE THIS? PAPERS, PAPERS, PAPERS!



IN THAT AUTUMN OF 1939, THE COMING WAR IN EUROPE WAS STILL FAR FROM THE MINDS OF CANADIANS.

MAYBE THERE'LL BE SOME EXCITEMENT SOON, DUNCAID. WHAT'S THE BETTING ON THIS GUY - HITLER?

THAT LOUDMOUTH! HE'LL BACK DOWN WHEN THE CHIPS ARE ON THE TABLE.



BUT EVENTS IN EUROPE WERE MOVING FAST TOWARDS DISASTER. SAVAGELY, HITLER'S ARMY MARCHED INTO POLAND.

CAVALRY AGAINST OUR PANZERS.
FRITZ! THE FOOLS!

OUR GLORIOUS
WEHRMACHT WILL NOT
STOP UNTIL WE
REACH WARSAW,
HERR HAUPTMANN...

THE NEWS SWEEPED AROUND THE WORLD... HITLER HAD THROWN HIS FINAL CARD ON THE TABLE AGAINST A BRAVE AND HELPLESS NATION.

LOOKS LIKE YOU BACKED
A LOSER ON THAT GUY, HITLER,
DUNCAID. WHAT PRICE
SHIPPING CLERKS NOW?

YOU'RE RIGHT,
BUTCH. I'M FOR
THE ARMY-IF I
CAN MAKE IT.

DUNCAID JOINED A CANADIAN
SCOTTISH REGIMENT MUSTERING
VOLUNTEERS FOR DUTY IN FRANCE.

THOUGHT I'D DROP
BY AND SAY
GOODBYE, GRANDPOP...
I'M DUE TO SAIL
WITHIN TWO DAYS.

BEFORE YOU GO,
IAN, THERE'S SOMETHING
I'D LIKE TO
TELL YOU...

NOW HIS GRANDSON WAS OFF TO FIGHT, OLD JAMIE DUNCAID THOUGHT IT TIME TO TELL HIM OF THE LEGEND OF THE DUNCAIDS.

... THE HIGHLAND CLANS HAVE A LONG MEMORY, AND MOST LIKELY YOU'LL MEET UP WITH THE DESCENDANTS OF MEN WHO REMEMBER THE DISGRACE OF THE DUNCAIDS.

WHAT'S THIS, GRANDPOP... ANOTHER OF YOUR FOLKSY YARNS?



IAN DUNCAID TOOK THE OLD MAN'S WORDS LIGHTLY, BUT HIS GRANDFATHER WATCHED HIM GO WITH DOUBT IN HIS EYES.

MAYBE THIS'LL BE THE LAST TIME I'LL SEE YOU, LADDIE. BUT I HOPE THE LEGEND DIES WITH ME... FOR YOUR SAKE!



A FEW WEEKS LATER, IAN DUNCAID
FACED THE GRIM REALITY OF WAR ON
THE BATTLEFIELDS OF FRANCE...

MORE OF 'EM.
WE CAN'T HOLD
THIS POSITION.
THE LINES
CRUMBLING.

THE MAGINOT LINE WAS ALREADY A TREMBLING
RUIN. ALONG THE ROADS LEADING TO PARIS, THE
RAGGED LINES OF RETREATING MEN TRUDGED
DEJECTEDLY.

IT WAS IN THE CONFUSION OF DEFEAT THAT THE CANADIANS WERE ORDERED TO MAKE FOR THE COAST. THE VICTORIOUS GERMAN ARMY WERE PRESSING HARD ON THEIR HEELS.

IT'S EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF! GET MOVING IF YOU WANT TO LIVE!

EVERY ROAD WAS UNDER BOMBARDMENT FROM GUNS AND FROM DIVE-BOMBERS.

STUNNED BY THE TERRIBLE EXPLOSIONS, IAN DUNCAID RAN BLINDLY. WHINING BULLETS TORE PAST HIM, ADDING TO HIS FEAR.

MUST GET AWAY FROM THE ROAD! WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE...

IT WAS A HALF-SHATTERED HOUSE THAT SEEMED TO OFFER THE BEST SHELTER AS HE PLUNGED ON IN HEADLONG FLIGHT...



AS HE GAINED THE DARK INTERIOR, HE HEARD A SOUND. NERVOUSLY, HE WHIRLED ROUND...

WHAT THE -
A SOLDIER!



DUNCAID BENT OVER THE MAN ON THE GROUND. A TERRIFIED FACE LOOKED UP AT HIM.

GET ME AWAY FROM HERE! DON'T
LET THEM TAKE ME PRISONER.



TAKE IT EASY,
FELLA. I'LL GET
YOU AWAY.

THE FACT THAT THE OTHER MAN WAS EVEN MORE FRIGHTENED THAN HIMSELF, GAVE IAN DUNCAID A NEW COURAGE. WHEN THE BARRAGE LIFTED, HE LED THE WAY INTO THE DAYLIGHT.

AN OFFICER!
AND HE WAS
SKULKING
UNDER COVER!

THANK THE STARS THEY'VE LIFTED THE BARRAGE. LET'S RUN FOR IT, MAN!



IT WAS ONLY WHEN THEY REACHED THE ROAD THAT THE OTHER MAN, A LIEUTENANT, SEEMED TO REGAIN HIS COURAGE...

MUST HAVE BLACKED
OUT BACK THERE. CAN'T
REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED
AFTER THAT BARRAGE
CAME DOWN.

MIGHTY
CONVENIENT...
BUT I WAS
SCARED STIFF
MYSELF, SO I
CAN'T BLAME
HIM!



AT THE NEXT VILLAGE THEY FOUND TRANSPORT LEAVING FOR THE BEACHES. OWING TO THE LACK OF VEHICLES THEY WERE FORCED TO SEPARATE.

HERE'S WHERE WE PART COMPANY, SOLDIER. IN CASE WE MEET AGAIN MY NAME'S DUNCAID... LIEUTENANT MAIGAL DUNCAID.

MAIGAL DUNCAID!
GOOD GRIEF!

BUT BEFORE IAN COULD SAY ANYTHING, THE LORRY PULLED AWAY AND SPED OUT OF SIGHT. AS HE BOARDED A TRUCK HE RECALLED HIS GRANDFATHER'S STORY.

SUDDENLY, ALL THOUGHTS OF THE LEGEND WERE WIPED FROM DUNCAID'S MIND AS THE TRUCK SCREECHED TO A HALT.

TAKE COVER -
STUKA
ATTACK!

MAIGAL DUNCAID WAS THE NAME OF THE CLANSMAN MIXED UP IN THAT LEGEND GRANDPOP TOLD ME. CAN'T RECALL IT EXACTLY THOUGH...

ONCE MORE IAN DUNCAID FELT THE ICE-COLD TOUCH OF FEAR, AS THE SCREAM OF A DIVING STUKA ENDED IN EXPLOSIVE FURY AND STEEL.



A TOUGH BRITISH SERGEANT HELPED DUNCAID OUT OF THE DITCH AS THE LAST OF THE STUKAS CLIMBED AWAY.



BETTER COME ALONG WITH ME, CHUM. LOOKS LIKE WE'RE THE ONLY TWO LEFT. WE'LL HAVE TO HOOF IT.

DEAD -
THEY'RE ALL
DEAD!

THE SERGEANT FACED DUNCAID GRIMLY.

SURE, THEY'RE DEAD, ALL RIGHT.
BUT WE'RE NOT! NOW GET
SQUARED UP, SON - WE'VE
A LONG MARCH
AHEAD OF US.

I GUESS
I LOST MY
NERVE.



WEARILY, DUNCAID FOLLOWED THE SERGEANT ALONG THE WAR-TORN ROAD.

TAKE IT FROM ME, SON - THE FIRST BATTLE
IS ALWAYS THE WORST EVERY MAN'S
LIABLE TO LOSE HIS NERVE UNDER FIRE.

I'LL
REMEMBER
THAT!



IAN DUNCAID'S BAPTISM OF FIRE WAS NOT OVER YET, HOWEVER, FOR AHEAD LAY THE TERROR-FILLED BEACH OF DUNKIRK...



AS THEY NEARED THE BEACH, THEY WERE MET BY A HAIL OF HOT LEAD. THE SERGEANT CRUMPLED TO THE GROUND, MORTALLY WOUNDED.

MACHINE-GUN -- LOOK OUT ... UGH!



YET AGAIN VIOLENT DEATH HAD SHOCKED YOUNG IAN DUNCAID. HE LAY IN A TURMOIL OF FEAR IN A SHELL HOLE.

THAT BURST MIGHT HAVE HIT ME... AND THEY'RE STILL FIRING.

AS THE SCOURGE OF FIRE THAT HAD SAVAGED HIS NERVES EBBED SLOWLY AWAY, HE EMERGED FROM THE SHELL-HOLE, DRIVING HIMSELF TO REACH THE BEACH-HEAD.

IF I STAY HERE - I'M FINISHED. I'VE GOT TO REACH THOSE BOATS....

THE WITHDRAWAL FROM DUNKIRK WAS ALMOST FINISHED, ONLY HARD POCKETS OF STUBBORN MEN HELD BACK THE ENEMY FROM THE BEACHES.



FINALLY, FOR IAN DUNCAID, THE BATTLE WAS ENDED...

HE'S STOPPED A PACKET!
GET HIM OFF THE BEACH,
CORPORAL!



FULL TO CAPACITY, THE BOATS EVACUATED THE BRITISH TROOPS FROM DUNKIRK BEACH AND CARRIED THEM BACK TO THE SAFETY OF ENGLAND.

STAND BY!
HERE COME THE BOATS!



THE BOATS NOSED INTO HARBOUR. WITH GREAT HASTE THE TROOPS WERE DESPATCHED ASHORE.

SHOULDER WOUND...
CANADIAN INFANTRYMAN
... PRIVATE DUNCAID.

CANADIAN? STONE
THE CROWS! THEIR
MOB WAS ALMOST
WIPED OUT OVER
THERE!

I'AN DUNCAID RECOVERED FROM HIS WOUND IN A RAMBLING SUSSEX MANSION CONVERTED INTO A MILITARY HOSPITAL. THERE, HE HAD TIME TO THINK...

I'VE GOT TO GET
BACK INTO ACTION
AS SOON AS
POSSIBLE. I MUSTN'T
CRACK UP AGAIN!

Chapter 2. *Unfit to Command*

A FEW MONTHS LATER, HE WAS FIT AGAIN. HE RETURNED TO HIS REGIMENT.

I'VE BEEN GOING OVER YOUR RECORD, DUNCAID. FRANCE, DUNKIRK, AND NOW YOU WANT A POSTING TO ACTIVE DUTY AGAIN.

YES, SIR.


DUNCAID'S C.O. WAS IMPRESSED WITH THE BEARING OF THE YOUNG CANADIAN.

PRIVATE DUNCAID... ONE OF THE FEW WHO MANAGED TO COME OUT OF THE MESS IN FRANCE. HE MIGHT MAKE A GOOD OFFICER FOR YOUR UNIT, MAJOR.

THE COMMANDOS CAN USE GOOD MEN WITH BATTLE EXPERIENCE, COLONEL.

THE TWENTY-SIX COMMANDOS WERE A UNIT DRAWN FROM SOME OF THE FINEST HIGHLAND REGIMENTS, PROUD DESCENDANTS OF FAMOUS CLANS.


PUT SOME PUNCH IN IT, THERE! IN THE REAL THING YOUR LIVES WILL DEPEND ON IT!



THE TRAINING WAS TOUGH AND INTENSE, WEEDING OUT THE WEAKLINGS AND LEAVING ONLY THE TOUGH.

THAT NEW MAN - DUNCAID OF THE CANADIANS... UP FOR A COMMISSION, ISN'T HE, CAPTAIN?

HE'LL MAKE A GOOD LEADER, I THINK, SIR.



IAN DUNCAID BECAME AN OFFICER JUST BEFORE THE COMMANDOS' FIRST MISSION - A RAID UPON A SMALL FRENCH PORT WHERE THE RESISTANCE MOVEMENT WAS BEING ROUNDED UP BY THE NAZIS.


LIEUTENANT DUNCAID - PUT THAT MACHINE-GUN OUT OF ACTION. THE REST OF YOU, FOLLOW ME TO THE VILLAGE.

RIGHT, SIR.

AS DUNCAID LED HIS MEN TOWARDS THE ENEMY GUN POST, SOME OF HIS OLD FEAR RETURNED. THE FIRST GRENADE HE FLUNG MISSED AND EXPLODED USELESSLY IN THE WATER.

DUNCAID SHOULD HAVE OUTFLANKED THAT GUN! SERGEANT, TAKE THREE MEN!

YES, SIR.



SWIFTLY AND CUNNINGLY,
THE SERGEANT OUT-
FLANKED THE GUN POST.
HIS GRENADE LANDING
SQUARELY ON THE TARGET.

SHARE THAT
WITH YOUR
PALS, KRAUT!

BY THE TIME DUNCAID BROUGHT UP HIS MEN, THE
ENEMY POSITION WAS SILENCED, AND THE REST OF
THE UNIT WAS FIGHTING IN THE
TINY VILLAGE.

I BUNGLED THAT... AND
NEARLY COST THESE MEN
THEIR LIVES!



THE ACTION WAS SHARP AND SWIFT, AND WITH THE RESISTANCE LEADERS SAFELY IN THE BOATS, THE COMMANDOS WITHDREW. BUT CAPTAIN MACDONALD HAD A HARSH WORD FOR LIEUTENANT DUNCAID.

YOU BOTCHED THAT ATTACK ON THE MACHINE-GUN POST, DUNCAID. I'LL HAVE TO PUT YOU ON MY REPORT TO THE C.O.!

I - I'M SORRY, SIR.

CAPTAIN MACDONALD WAS A GREAT BELIEVER IN THE POWER AND INFLUENCE OF HEREDITY. THIS BECAME CLEAR AS HE SPOKE TO THE C.O. SOME DAYS LATER.

LOOKED TO ME AS IF DUNCAID LOST HIS NERVE, SIR BUT PERHAPS IT ISN'T SURPRISING IN A MAN WHO BEARS THAT NAME...

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, MACDONALD?

I BELIEVE THAT A MAN'S CHARACTER SPRINGS FROM HIS FOREFATHERS, COLONEL COWARDICE, FOR EXAMPLE, IS LINKED WITH THE NAME DUNCAID.

I'VE HEARD THE OLD LEGEND, CAPTAIN. BUT SURELY YOU CAN'T BELIEVE...

CALL IT SUPERSTITION IF YOU LIKE, SIR. BUT AFTER I SAW DUNCAID HESITATE, SAW THE FEAR IN HIS EYES, I KNEW WHY HE COULDN'T SILENCE THAT MACHINE-GUN NEST!



THE FOLLOWING DAY, IAN DUNCAID RECEIVED A LETTER FROM HIS GRANDFATHER...



It was old Hamish Duncaid they say who ran before the Vikings. Scots folk claimed the whole clan was scared and booted them out... I am sending you a book about it. I hope you will be...

THEY RAN LIKE I WANTED TO RUN IN FRONT OF THE MACHINE-GUN NEST. THEY WERE MY FOREFATHERS!

MEANWHILE, THE COLONEL WAS RECEIVING A NEW OFFICER, WHO HAD BEEN POSTED TO THE UNIT.

CAPTAIN MAIGAL DUNCAID REPORTING FOR DUTY, SIR. SECONDED FROM THE FOURTH LIGHT INFANTRY.

DUNCAID... THE SAME NAME AS THE LIEUTENANT.

I SEE BY YOUR RECORDS YOU WERE IN FRANCE, CAPTAIN. YOU HAVE SEEN CONSIDERABLE ACTION.

THE ARRIVAL OF CAPTAIN MAIGAL DUNCAID CAME AS A SHOCK TO IAN.

SO WE MEET AGAIN, DUNCAID! DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE ONE OF THE CLAN WHEN WE LAST MET. PRETTY ROUGH SHOW AT DUNKIRK, EH? BUT I GOT OUT WITHOUT A SCRATCH.

PRETTY GOOD AT DUCKING, PERHAPS! BUT MAYBE THAT APPLIES TO BOTH OF US.

IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED, A CERTAIN TENSION HUNG OVER THE UNIT. CAPTAIN MACDONALD AND HIS FELLOW OFFICERS SHOWED AN ICY INDIFFERENCE TO THE TWO DUNCAIDS.

THE NAME'S A SORE BLOT ON HIGHLAND HISTORY.

AND WE'VE PROOF ALREADY YOUNG DUNCAID LIVES UP TO IT.

THE C.O., HOWEVER, HAD OTHER IDEAS, AT A BRIEFING, LATER...

OUR NEXT SHOW WILL BE AN ATTACK ON THE SUBMARINE PENS AT BRULE. OUR OWN SPEARHEAD WILL GO IN UNDER THE COMMAND OF CAPTAIN MAIGAL DUNCAID...



THE COLONEL GLANCED AT YOUNG IAN DUNCAID AS HE CONCLUDED...

LIEUTENANT IAN DUNCAID WILL LEAD THE SUPPORT. ANY QUESTIONS, GENTLEMEN?



BOTH DUNCAIDS ON A SHOW LIKE THAT! AND THOSE SUB PENS ARE A VITAL TARGET...

ON THE NIGHT OF THE ATTACK, THE BEACHES WERE SHROUDED WITH A LOW-LYING SEA MIST, IDEAL FOR THE APPROACH. IN THE LEADING LANDING CRAFT, MAIGAL DUNCAID SPOKE TO YOUNG IAN...

THIS IS WHERE WE SHOW 'EM WHAT THE DUNCAIDS CAN DO, IAN!

I STILL CAN'T FORGET THE LAST TIME WE WERE UNDER FIRE. NEITHER OF US SHOWED UP TOO WELL THEN...



THE PLAN WAS FOR IAN DUNCAID TO LEAD A DIVERSIONARY ATTACK ALONG THE MAIN JETTY WHILE THE OTHER FORCE UNDER MAIGAL HIT THE SUBMARINE PENS...

I'M SCARED STIFF.. THE PLACE MUST BE PACKED WITH JERRY MACHINE-GUN POSTS...

YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN NOW, IAN... GOOD LUCK!



FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, IAN DUNCAID'S MEN HAD FOUGHT THEIR WAY ALONG THE JETTY AGAINST POWERFUL RESISTANCE. BUT, AT LAST, THEY WERE PINNED DOWN...

THE CAPTAIN'S HAD TIME TO GET HIS MEN CLEAR, SIR. WE COULD OUTFLANK THOSE JERRY GUNS AND BLAST 'EM WITH OUR MORTARS!

WAIT! THEY'LL MOW US DOWN, SERGEANT!

SHOCKED BY THE VIOLENCE OF THE GERMAN FIRE, IAN DUNCAID FELT PARALYSED WITH FEAR. VISIONS OF DUNKIRK RETURNED TO HIM.

I CAN'T MOVE... CAN'T GET UP!

SEEMS TO ME THOSE OLD YARNS ARE TRUE - THE DUNCAIDS ARE COWARDS.

IN A GUN EMPLACEMENT OVERLOOKING THE JETTY, A GERMAN COLONEL WAS WATCHING FOR A CERTAIN SIGNAL...

THERE IS THE SIGNAL, HERR OBERST!

I OBSERVE IT, SCHMIDT. DETAIL THE S.S. TROOPS TO MOVE IN... AND KEEP THOSE OTHER ENGLANDERS PINNED DOWN ON THE JETTY!

JAWOHL, HERR OBERST!

AT THAT MOMENT IAN DUNCAID, MUSTERING ALL HIS WILL-POWER, FORCED HIMSELF INTO ACTION...

COME ON!
FORWARD!



THE TOUGH SCOTTISH SERGEANT WAS IN THE LEAD AS THEY OVERRAN THE FIRST OF THE GUN POSTS.

A PRESENT FROM
THE COMMANDOS,
JERRY!



FALL BACK,
SERGEANT! TO
THE BOATS! WE
CAN'T HOLD OUT
HERE...!

THE WILD CHARGE HAD DRAINED THE FINAL RESERVES OF IAN DUNCAID'S COURAGE TO THE DREGS. THE SERGEANT SWUNG ROUND, TO FIND IAN AND THE REST OF THE MEN ALREADY MAKING OFF...



MAIGAL DUNCAID, TOO, HAD REACHED BREAKING POINT...



THE TWO DUNCAIDS CAME FACE TO FACE ON THE BEACH AND UGLY REALISATION SWEEPED OVER IAN...

THE SUBMARINE
PENS! YOU FAILED
TO MINE THEM!

OF COURSE
WE FAILED! IT WAS
HOPELESS...



IAN FELT A DULL SENSE OF COMPLETE FAILURE AS HE REALISED WHAT HAD HAPPENED. EVEN WHEN MAIGAL AND THE REST OF THE UNIT HAD BOARDED THE BOATS, IAN HESITATED... UNCERTAIN WHETHER TO TRY TO RALLY THE MEN INTO ANOTHER ATTACK!

HURRY, DUNCAID!
THERE'S NOTHING
WE CAN DO HERE
NOW!



IN THE GREY LIGHT OF DAWN, THE GRIM-FACED SURVIVORS OF THE RAID LANDED AT A SMALL SOUTH COAST TOWN.



THE C.O. HELD A SPECIAL ENQUIRY INTO THE DISASTROUS RAID ON THE U-BOAT PENS.

... THE FAILURE OF THE RAID WAS DUE TO INEFFECTUAL LEADERSHIP AND BAD CO-ORDINATION...

THEY'RE WRONG - THE REAL REASON WAS THE COWARDICE OF THE DUNCAIDS!



BOTH IAN AND MAIGAL WERE SUSPENDED FROM DUTY UNTIL THE FINDINGS OF THE COURT WERE MADE KNOWN...

THE OLD LEGEND IS TRUE. ALL DUNCAID MEN ARE TAINTED WITH THE COWARDLY BLOOD OF OUR FOREFATHERS...

MAIGAL DUNCAID CAME INTO THE HUT AND PICKED A BOOK UP FROM IAN'S BED... HIS EYES WERE MOCKING, AS HE NOTICED THE TITLE.

SO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE OLD LEGEND?

YES, I KNOW...

GARBLED RUBBISH! HALF THESE STIFF-NECKED OFFICERS ARE PROUD OF BEING THE DESCENDANTS OF CLANSMEN WHO SWALLOWED SUCH STUFF! SURELY YOU DON'T BELIEVE IT?

IT SEEMS TO MAKE SENSE TO ME! HOW ELSE CAN YOU EXPLAIN WHAT HAPPENED AT BRULE?

HISTORY OF THE DUNCAID CLAN.

CAPTAIN MAIGAL DUNCAID SMILED THINLY. IAN WATCHED HIM AS HE LEFT.

IT WAS STRANGE THAT HE SHOULD HAVE LOST SO MANY MEN AT BRULE... ALMOST AS IF HE GAVE IN WITHOUT TRYING...



AT LAST IAN WAS BROUGHT BEFORE THE C.O. ONCE AGAIN, TO HEAR THE RESULT OF THE ENQUIRY...

YOU MUST BEAR SOME RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE FAILURE OF THE RAID, DUNCAID. YOU WILL LOSE YOUR SENIORITY...

AT LEAST I'LL REMAIN ON ACTIVE SERVICE I'VE STILL GOT A CHANCE TO REDEEM MYSELF...



MAIGAL DUNCAID, THE OFFICER IN COMMAND OF THE RAID, REVERTED TO HIS SUBSTANTIVE RANK OF LIEUTENANT AND WAS POSTED TO ANOTHER UNIT. THE SORTIES AGAINST THE NAZIS IN FORTRESS EUROPE WENT ON...

I'VE GOT TO KEEP GOING! I'D SOONER DIE THAN SHOW FEAR AGAIN!

FORWARD! WIPE OUT THE MACHINE-GUN NESTS!



Chapter 3. The Legend Dies

BUT DESTINY WAS ABOUT TO TAKE A HAND IN SHAPING THE LEGEND OF THE DUNCAIDS. ON THE BANKS OF AN ISOLATED FJORD IN A BARREN VALLEY IN NORWAY, A RESISTANCE GROUP WAS KEEPING OBSERVATION.

THE PLANT IS STILL WORKING AT FULL PRESSURE. WHEN DO WE ATTACK?

WE MUST HAVE HELP, SKOLLER! ONLY A BRITISH COMMANDO UNIT CAN ENSURE WE DESTROY THE PLANT COMPLETELY.

THE RESISTANCE LEADERS KNEW THAT THIS WAS ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT TARGETS OF THE WAR. FOR, IN THAT PLANT WAS LOCKED THE SECRET OF A WEAPON SO POWERFUL IT WOULD RENDER THE ALLIED WAR MACHINE HELPLESS.

PERHAPS WE WILL BE TOO LATE. THE NAZIS ARE ALREADY WELL ADVANCED WITH THE RAW MATERIAL FOR AN ATOMIC BOMB!

WE WILL RADIO LONDON AT ONCE, SKOLLER.

THE CODED SIGNAL REACHED HIGH COMMAND, AND AT THE H. Q. OF COMBINED OPERATIONS, AN URGENT STAFF CONFERENCE WAS CALLED...

INTELLIGENCE REPORTS ARE COMPLETE ON THE ENEMY HEAVY WATER PROJECT IN NORWAY. WE MUST STRIKE NOW IF WE ARE TO STOP HITLER DROPPING THE FIRST ATOMIC BOMB ON LONDON!



A COMBINED FORCE OF PARATROOPS AND COMMANDOS WAS CHOSEN FOR THE ASSAULT... AND, AMONG THE VOLUNTEERS WERE THE TWO DUNCAIDS.

STILL FIGHTING TO REDEEM YOUR NAME, IAN?

YOU COULD CALL IT THAT, I SUPPOSE...



IAN WATCHED UNEASILY AS MAIGAL DUNCAID WALKED OFF. WHAT HAD MADE THE FORMER CAPTAIN VOLUNTEER FOR THE NORWAY MISSION?

SOMETHING MAKES ME CERTAIN I OUGHT NOT TO TRUST HIM... PERHAPS BECAUSE I KNOW I CAN'T TRUST MYSELF...



IAN LAY AWAKE FOR HOURS THAT NIGHT, THE HISTORY OF THE DUNCAIDS AT HIS SIDE...

JUST SUPERSTITION, HE SAID... BUT THERE'S SOMETHING MORE...



IAN WENT TO SEE THE COLONEL NEXT DAY, TO TELL OF HIS DOUBTS OF HIMSELF. BUT WHEN HE FACED THE C.O., THE WHOLE STORY SOUNDED FLIMSY...

FROM ANYONE ELSE, THIS STORY WOULD HAVE SOUNDED LIKE AN EXCUSE TO ESCAPE DUTY...

YOU DON'T BELIEVE I'M AFRAID OF FIGHTING, SIR?



COLONEL BAXTER HAD A GREAT LIKING FOR THIS YOUNG CANADIAN-SCOT WHO HAD SAILED AN OCEAN TO FIGHT FOR FREEDOM...

NO, DUNCAID-- IF YOU WERE AFRAID, YOU WOULDN'T HAVE JOINED THE ARMY IN THE FIRST PLACE. BUT THERE ARE SOME THINGS AN ORDINARY MAN CAN'T FIGHT...



YOU MEAN THE LEGEND, SIR?

YES; I MEAN THE LEGEND. YOU HAVE COME TO BELIEVE IN IT, AND YOUR CONFIDENCE IS UNDERMINED. YOU HAVE GOT TO HAVE FAITH IN YOURSELF...



A MAN CAN ONLY FIGHT ONE ENEMY AT A TIME, DUNCAID. THINK OF YOURSELF AS A SOLDIER, WITH A DUTY. PERHAPS THERE YOU'LL FIND THE ANSWER...

I'LL REMEMBER THAT, SIR...



AS THE TRANSPORTS MOVED OFF, CARRYING THE FORCE ON THE FIRST STAGE OF THEIR TRIP, COLONEL BAXTER REMEMBERED DUNCAID'S WORRIED FACE...

WHEREVER HE FINDS IT, I HOPE YOUNG DUNCAID DISCOVERS THE ANSWER...



DISASTER OVERTOOK THE OPERATION FROM THE BEGINNING, AS SOON AS THE UNIT MADE IT'S FIRST CONTACT WITH THE NORWEGIAN RESISTANCE FIGHTERS...

SKI TROOPS!
THE GERMANS
MUST HAVE BEEN
ALERTED...

OUR RADIO MESSAGE
MUST HAVE BEEN
INTERCEPTED! NOW
COMES THE FIGHT!



THE BRITISH PARATROOP LANDING WAS A DISASTER. GERMAN CRACK TROOPS LAY WAITING IN AMBUSH AS THE PARATROOPS CAME DOWN...



TO ADD TO THE GENERAL CONFUSION, BLINDING SNOW STORMS BLOTTED OUT VISIBILITY...

WE HAVE BEEN BETRAYED! THE NAZIS ARE ALERTED EVERYWHERE!

OUR BEST CHANCE IS TO FALL BACK INTO THE MOUNTAINS UNTIL THE STORM BREAKS...



THE NORWEGIAN RESISTANCE GROUP WERE EXPERT MOUNTAIN MEN. DESPITE A RAGING BLIZZARD, THEY LED THE REMNANTS OF DUNCAID'S PLATOON SAFELY THROUGH A DIFFICULT PASS TO THEIR SECRET HEADQUARTERS...

IT IS A BITTER DEFEAT, SKOLLER, BUT SOME OF THE ARMS AND EQUIPMENT WILL BE SAVED...

WE MUST DESTROY THE BARGES AS SOON AS POSSIBLE! THEY ARE DUE TO LEAVE THE FJORD IN TWO DAYS' TIME!



MEANWHILE, NAZI SCIENTISTS WAITED FOR THE HEAVY WATER FROM THE HYDRO-ELECTRIC PLANT TO CONSTRUCT THEIR FIRST ATOMIC BOMB. THE BARGES CARRYING IT WERE DESTINED TO RENDEZVOUS WITH GERMAN SHIPS OFF THE NORWEGIAN COAST...



ANXIOUS TO SAFEGUARD THE PRECIOUS MATERIAL, THE GERMAN COMMANDANT ORDERED EXTRA PATROLS TO RUN DOWN ANY SURVIVORS FROM THE COMMANDO GROUP...

HUNT DOWN ALL SABOTEURS... NORWEGIAN AND BRITISHERS! LET NONE ESCAPE!

JAWOHL, HERR COMMANDANT...



FOR THE NEXT FEW DAYS, THE GUARDS SCoured THE OUTLYING VILLAGES WITH VICIOUS TRACKING DOGS...



AT RESISTANCE HEADQUARTERS, REPORTS ARRIVED OF THE NAZI ACTIVITIES...

THE GERMANS ARE STEPPING UP THEIR SEARCH, SKOLLER...

THEN WE ARE NO LONGER SAFE. WE MUST MOVE ON...



JUST BEFORE THEY SET OUT, ANOTHER SURVIVOR OF THE FIGHTING WAS BROUGHT IN. IAN DUNCAID FELT A FAINT REACTION OF HOSTILITY AS HE SAW WHO IT WAS...

MAIGAL! AND HE LOOKS AS IF HE'S HAD A ROUGH TIME...



IT WAS THE SAME OLD MAIGAL DUNCAID, HOWEVER, AS IAN SOON FOUND OUT...

THIS IS CRAZY! IT WOULD BE BETTER TO STOP A GERMAN BULLET THAN TO FREEZE TO DEATH!

SPEAK FOR YOURSELF! I'M TAKING MY CHANCE WITH THE NORWEGIANS.



STILL IAN DUNCAID FELT THAT INEXPLICABLE MISTRUST OF HIS KINSMAN...

LOOKS AS IF IT MUST HAVE BEEN A CASTLE AT SOME TIME.

THAT IS OUR NEXT BASE, MY FRIENDS. IT IS RIDDLED WITH UNDERGROUND VAULTS.

SKOLLER, THE LEADER OF THE GROUP, TOLD IAN THE HISTORY OF THE OLD RUIN...

TEN CENTURIES AGO THIS WAS THE CASTLE OF GODFRED, THE VIKING KING. THESE WALLS COULD TELL MANY TALES...

GODFRED THE VIKING?

THAT WAS THE NAME OF THE VIKING IN THE DUNCAID LEGEND!



MAIGAL DUNCAID
SEEMED TO FIND
THE HIDING-
PLACE AMUSING...

MORE SUPERSTITION,
EH? I HOPE YOU
BROUGHT YOUR
HISTORY BOOK
ALONG, COUSIN...



DURING THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, THE RESISTANCE MEN MADE PLANS FOR
ATTACKING THE BARGES. SKOLLER
TOOK IAN INTO HIS CONFIDENCE...

IF WE DO NOT STRIKE THE BARGES
SOON THEY WILL HAVE SAILED.
IT MUST BE TONIGHT!

I'M WITH
YOU, SKOLLER.
WHAT'S THE
PLAN..?



SKOLLER PROPOSED THAT TWO OF THEM SHOULD RISK THE ICY WATER OF THE FJORD TO TRY TO MINE THE BARGES, WHILE THE OTHERS COVERED THEM FROM THE PINE FOREST. IT WAS ALREADY DARK WHEN THE PARTY SET OFF, WITH MAIGAL STILL CERTAIN THE SCHEME WOULD FAIL...

IT'S MADNESS!
THE JERRIES WILL
GET US BEFORE WE
EVEN GET NEAR
THE FJORD...

WHY DON'T YOU
STOP WORRYING
ABOUT YOUR OWN
SKIN, FELLA?

THE GERMAN PATROLS WERE ACTIVE
THAT NIGHT...

THE DOGS ARE
RESTLESS, KRUGER!
THE RESISTANCE ARE
MOVING AROUND
SOMEWHERE...



THE RESISTANCE MEN GLIDED LIKE GHOSTS THROUGH THE TALL DARK TREES, WHICH LINED THE SHORE OF THE FJORD...

THERE IS THE FJORD—
AND OUR TARGET!
NOW IS THE TIME
TO SEPERATE!

I'M WITH
YOU,
SKOLLER...

IAN AND SKOLLER WENT FORWARD ALONE AND THE NORWEGIAN SLIPPED THE HEAVY LOAD OF STICKER MINES FROM HIS SHOULDERS...

WE WILL HAVE TO
SWIM AGAINST A
STRONG CURRENT. IT
WILL NOT BE EASY,
MY FRIEND. THERE
ARE MANY MACHINE-
GUNS TRAINED ON
THE BARGES... AND
THE WATER IS
COLD...

I WON'T
FAIL YOU.

SUDDENLY, FIRING BROKE
OUT AMONG THE TREES
BEHIND THEM...

GERMANS! FIRE! THEY
HAVE TRAPPED US!



IAN DUNCAID JUST HAD TIME TO
PICK UP HIS STEN-GUN WHEN HE
SAW A MAN COMING TOWARDS
THEM. THEN...

GERMANS!
USE YOUR GUN
--- AAAGH!

SKOLLER...



AS SKOLLER TOPPLED INTO THE WATER, IAN RAISED HIS STEN-GUN, BUT ANOTHER SHOT RANG OUT AND HE WAS HIT IN THE SHOULDER...



IAN STARED TRANSFIXED AT THE MAN WHO HELD THE LUGER TRAINED ON HIM. IT WAS MAIGAL DUNCAID!

TOO LATE, I THINK, COUSIN.

YOU KILLED HIM! YOU... A TRAITOR!



I KILLED HIM! DEATH
TO ALL WHO TRY TO DESTROY
THE THIRD REICH...!



THE WORDS REACHED
IAN THROUGH A MIST
OF PAIN...

IT WAS YOU--
WHO ALERTED THE
GERMANS AT BRULE...



THAT'S RIGHT,
YOU FOOL... AND
YOU NEVER
SUSPECTED...

AND YOU VOLUNTEERED FOR
THIS MISSION TO WARN THEM
AGAIN... WE WALKED INTO YOUR
TRAP!



Ties Of Blood

IAN DUNCAID LOOKED AT THE MAN WHO STOOD BEFORE HIM AND FELT AS THOUGH A GREAT WEIGHT WAS LIFTED FROM HIS MIND...

IT WAS ANOTHER DUNCAID CALLED MAIGAL WHO WAS A TRAITOR... SO IT SAID IN THAT OLD BOOK...

THE LEGEND! YOU REALLY BELIEVE THAT SUPERSTITIOUS RUBBISH!

AT THAT MOMENT, IAN KNEW HE HAD FOUND THE ANSWER TO ALL HIS DOUBTS. THERE HAD NEVER BEEN A TRAITOR IN THE DUNCAID FAMILY, EXCEPT THE MAN MAIGAL. NOW HISTORY HAD TURNED A FULL CIRCLE...

YOU WERE PLANTED BY THE GERMANS IN THAT FARMHOUSE IN FRANCE, WHERE I FIRST SAW YOU...

AND BEFORE THEN, I WAS EDUCATED IN GERMANY.

THE LUGER BLASTED SAVAGELY AS IAN DUNCAID FLUNG HIMSELF BLINDLY FORWARD!

HERE'S SOMETHING FROM THE FIGHTING DUNCAIDS!

DON'T MOVE ... AAGH!

MAIGAL DUNCAID... THE NAME OF EVIL WAS STILL RINGING IN HIS EARS, AS THE YOUNG CANADIAN WATCHED THE TRAITOR STRUGGLING IN THE ICY WATER...

THE CURRENT!
IT'S TAKING ME!

SO THE LEGEND DIES...



THE FAST CURRENT DRAGGED MAIGAL DUNCAID ALONG LIKE A GIANT HAND. SECONDS LATER, HE WAS SWALLOWED UP IN THE DARKNESS.

PATROLLING THE SHORES OF THE FJORD, THE GERMAN DOG-HANDLERS PAUSED SUSPICIOUSLY...

THE DOGS
HAVE SCENTED
SOMETHING, HERR
HAUPTMANN!

LET
THEM
FREE!



IT WAS AT THAT MOMENT,
MAIGAL DUNCAID DRAGGED
HIMSELF OUT OF THE WATER...



A LOW, BLOOD-CURDLING GROWL HALTED MAIGAL IN HIS TRACKS...



SCREAMING IN TERROR THE TRAITOR RACED OFF, TWO DOGS IN SAVAGE PURSUIT...

IT IS ONE OF THE RESISTANCE!
SHOOT, YOU FOOL!
SHOOT!

THE DOGS, HERR HAUPTMANN...
I SHALL HIT THE DOGS!



OVER TEN CENTURIES HAD PASSED SINCE ANOTHER TRAITOR NAMED MAIGAL DUNCAID HAD RUN FOR HIS LIFE ACROSS THIS BLEAK LAND WITH THE DOGS AT HIS HEELS...

THE DOGS!
NO! NO!



BUT, WHERE ONE HAD BEEN SPARED, THIS ONE WAS DESTINED TO PAY THE FULL PRICE FOR HIS TREACHERY...

NO! NO! AAAGH!



AS THE GERMAN PATROL OFFICER TURNED AWAY FROM THE GRIM SCENE, A VIVID FLASH CAME FROM THE DIRECTION OF THE HYDRO-ELECTRIC PLANT...

BLITZEN!
THE BARGES!



EXPLOSION AFTER EXPLOSION SPLIT THE NIGHT AND FLAMES WREATHED THE VAST PLANT FROM END TO END.



HOURS LATER, WHEN ANOTHER GROUP OF PARTISANS MOVED INTO THE AREA, THEY FOUND A BODY...

HE MUST HAVE DIED BLOWING UP THE GERMAN BARGES.

HE HAS A BOOK IN HIS POCKET. HIS NAME IS WRITTEN INSIDE THE COVER... IAN DUNCAID - A CANADIAN. HE MUST HAVE BEEN A BRAVE MAN...



A BRAVE MAN, BUT A MAN WHO, UNTIL THAT FATEFUL NIGHT, HAD BEEN BRANDED A COWARD. NOW HE HAD GIVEN HIS LIFE TO SAVE THE WORLD FROM THE HORROR OF A GERMAN ATOM BOMB AND, WITH HIS DEATH, PERISHED A CENTURIES-OLD LEGEND OF SHAME.

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